

HELLAS AND HESPERIA

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE

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University of Virginia
Barbour-Page Foundation

HELLAS AND HESPERIA

OR

THE VITALITY OF GREEK STUDIES IN AMERICA

THREE LECTURES

BY

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FORMERLY PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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PREFATORY NOTE

Prepared in vacation time, far from the sober array of authorities, these lectures have been drawn mainly from my memories of life and books, the life my own, the books, perhaps in undue measure, my own studies, published and unpublished; and planned as they were for a kindred audience, they take for granted the personal sympathy, which they were so fortunate as to find in my old home, a sympathy which they can hardly be expected to find elsewhere. At one time I thought to recast them for the larger public, which, according to the conditions of the Barbour-Page Foundation, they were destined to reach, but the time available for the process was scant, at least for a busy teacher. Then, again, I undertook at odd hours to add some notes of the orthodox type, partly for the sake of the philological guild, partly to justify myself to myself for my seeming trivialities. But I have been a critic so long that I am inured to my own crit-

icisms of myself, of which I have not been sparing in all these years. And so these lectures are printed substantially as they were delivered, and I console myself for their shortcomings by the reflection that they belong to my hearers as well as to me, and will serve to recall the memories and traditions of my twenty years of service in the University of Virginia. At any rate they constitute a "human document," and under the domination of an affected impersonality human documents are becoming rare in the range of studies once called "the humanities."

Basil L. Gildersleeve

ERRATA.

P. 65, ll. 8, 9, for Ḍyauſpitar read Dyaup̄pitar.

P. 76, ll. 11, 16, for 'Phillips' read 'Philips'.

P. 122, l. 23, read 'remedy for *hiccup*, sneezing'.

LECTURE I

THE CHANNELS OF LIFE

Honors that come late in life, as a rule, involve little responsibility. Those who, being young, believe in youth, put a man's *floruit* at forty, blissfully unaware, most of them, that they are simply repeating an ancient formula. Recognition, they say, lags behind achievement, and the honor paid to an old man is really honor paid to the young man that he has been. The veteran himself, according to his mood, according to his temperament, smiles sadly or grins ecstatically when his draft on posterity—how seldom honored—is endorsed by this academic body or that. Your university, which was my university until I had passed the acme of forty, confers no honorary degrees, and the high honor that has come to me from the representatives of the University of Virginia means service; and, hardened as I am to public de-

liverance, I can honestly say that I never approached any function of my long life with so much misgiving as this. My task has haunted me for months. In the flush of my youth I did not tremble to assume the work of the Greek chair here; now after more than fifty years I marvel at my audacity. "Old men," Cobden is reported to have said of Palmerston, "old men with unsatisfied ambitions are the worst of desperadoes." But I have long since flung away ambition, and it must have been in that strange return of youth to which all ancients are exposed that I have accepted, perhaps too lightly, an honor which is weighted with a grave responsibility, and, as I take up the burden of this initial course of lectures on the Barbour-Page Foundation, I am sadly reminded of an old friend of mine who, towards the close of a useful career, attempted to gather up what he had learned and taught for so many years into a compact body of doctrine. He was younger then than I am to-day, but the effort shattered him. Fortunately for me the present

undertaking is not of such magnitude as was his, but it is after all a serious matter to initiate a lecture course like this, and to try to justify your indulgent estimate of the work I did here during twenty years of faithful effort, and of the work I have done since in the spirit of this great school. For me it is a manner of unification of my whole career, it is a manner of reëntrant curve; but, quite apart from the importance of this service for me personally, and for the possible influence of my success or failure on those who are to follow me in this office, no more significant step has been taken at this university for many years than this advance towards intellectual and spiritual brotherhood with your fellow-workers beyond these academic walls. In my day, if you will pardon me for saying so, we were all perhaps a little too conscious of our conscientiousness, and there was a certain austerity in our bearing towards those who were doing their best, their poor best, to further the cause of sound learning elsewhere. There has been a change of late years,

a change that was emphasized by one of your own leaders. At the inauguration of President Alderman, Professor Francis H. Smith, the only survivor of the faculty of 1856, the faculty I first knew, said: "A new day has arisen upon our land, and an American university is no longer a local institution, but an important factor in our national life. The universities of our country belong to a real union, though with an unwritten constitution. What happens to one concerns all." Strong personal ties, for instance, are forming between the Virginia school and the Baltimore school, and if the Barbour-Page lectureship brings no new light to this candle of the Lord, it brings what is better than new light, precious as new light is, it brings fresh love. I for one do not come to teach the few survivors of the golden age of my renowned predecessor, Gessner Harrison. I do not come to teach the men who have been privileged to follow the lessons of a Price and a Wheeler, the men who have been trained in the school of the eminent Hellenist whose breadth and

depth of knowledge within and without his chosen domain puts every specialist to shame. I do not come to teach. I come to renew for myself, and haply for others, the consecration of earlier days; and those who are to come after me will, I have no doubt, return to the sphere of their labors quickened by contact with your unique academic life.

According to the conditions of the Foundation, the lecturer is to speak of that which lies within the range of his special studies, and it is a sad fact that most of those who know me at all, know me, first, as the author of a Latin Grammar, and next, as a professor of Greek—Greek, which they tell me is doomed, and grammar which is damned already. Some years ago I had a new shudder, as Victor Hugo calls it, when I found that in some schools there are classes in Gildersleeve as there are classes in Conic Sections. "Grammar," says an eminent academic authority, himself a Hellenist, "is to the average healthy human being the driest and deathliest of all the disciplines;" and grammarians have

not been looked on with much favor in either ancient or modern times, at best as a higher type of hedge schoolmaster. Such a hedge schoolmaster figures in the Greek Anthology. His name has an aristocratic ring and recalls the great Arcadian seeress who taught Socrates the secret of true love. But Diotimus had come down in the world, and the mocking anthologist sings:

*Αἰάζω Διοτίμον ὃς ἐν πέτραισι κάθεται
Γαργαρέων παισὶν βῆτα καὶ ἄλφα λέγων*

or, if he had lived to-day, and been utterly desperate, would perhaps have sung:

Diotimus, poor grammarian!
If my heart hath pitied e'er a one,
It is he,
Who, an almost centenarian,
Perched upon a "peak in Darien,"
Teaches little Jack and Mary Ann
A B C.

In the same anthology, a grammarian of a somewhat better class is ridiculed, a university professor, who is supposed to say:

*Χαίρετ' Ἀριστείδου τοῦ ῥήτορος ἐπὶ μαθηταί,
τέσσαρες οἱ τοῖχοι καὶ τρία σπῆλαια,*

which is being interpreted :

I'm a success, sir, I'm a success, sir,
Seven steady students are at each lecture.
Count if you please, sir, four walls and three desks, sir.

Now if these things were done in the green wood of antiquity, what is to be expected of the dry wood of modern times? All literature is full of absurd grammarians, Dominie Sampsons, and Doctor Panglosses, and Doctor Syntaxes; and though I am a great stickler for the honor of the guild to which I belong, still I must say again that I should not like to have my individuality merged in my Latin Grammar, and this sensible warm motion to become the kneaded clod of a crabbed text-book. To be sure, in Browning's Grammarian's Funeral, the poet has done something to redeem the craft, and I welcome the vindication; for whilst Browning and his commentators do not fail to tell us that the technical grammarian of the present day was not meant so much as the grammarian of the Renaissance—the student of antique literature—still the man who “properly based *oun*, dead from the

waist down," belongs to our guild. He belongs to the "corner-hummers" and "monosyllablers" of the old epigram.

But I am not grammarian enough to harangue an audience, not composed of specialists, on any of the monosyllabic themes that are so fascinating to the initiated. Not that I am ashamed of being a grammarian, and if I chose I might enlarge on the historical importance of grammar in general, and Greek grammar in particular. It was a point of grammatical concord that was at the bottom of the Civil War—"United States are," said one, "United States is," said another; and a whimsical scholar of my acquaintance used to maintain that the ignorance of Greek idiom that brought about the mistranslation "Men and brethren" (Acts ii, 29) is responsible for the humanitarian cry, "Am I not a man and a brother?" which made countless thousands mourn. I myself have proved to my own satisfaction that the personal accountability for belief about which one hears so much nowadays is taught by a Greek negative, and that

Schopenhauer's system is implicit in the only true doctrine of the Greek accusative. Do you wonder then that I am panoplied against the bird-bolts that are aimed at grammar?

But this is not the time for

the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery *haud's* or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed *ei's*.

And fully aware of the unpopularity of grammar and grammarians, I shall not hold forth professedly on the Glory of the Imperfect, to borrow the title of a famous discourse of Professor Palmer of Harvard, and the Inexpressibility of the Aorist, but my talk will be a grammarian's talk for all that, and it will be a Grecian's talk for all that, a talk impossible for anyone but a grammarian, for anyone but a Grecian.

But the subject? If I could only have evaded the dire necessity of a subject! Oh! for the bygone days of prolusions and diatribes. But the world will not allow a man to do as I would fain do. How I should love to divagate over the field of my favorite study, and

after fetching up at the end of my ramble, call that end my goal! But I promise you there will be a certain unity in my diversities, a certain coherence in my incoherences, and if there is not, you must blame your committee, to whom I submitted a list of subjects, begging them to select one which they thought most suitable to the occasion and the audience. But they declined to share the responsibility, and perhaps after all it was as well.

Anatole France has said that when a man undertakes to talk about literature, he is really talking about himself, and that the critic ought to preface his discourse by some such phrase as: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to speak of myself, apropos of Shakespeare or Racine or Pascal or Goethe." And so, no matter what my subject may have been, it would doubtless have been steeped in my personality, just as Dante's *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* were stages of his own life; and so whatever the title may have been, whether I had borrowed it from my youthful essay on the *Necessity of the Classics*, published

fifty-four years ago, or from my latest outgivings on the same subject, *The Persistence of the Greek Element in Modern Culture*, the subject of one of my Richmond lectures three years ago; whether I had asked you to study with me Aristophanes in the light of the twentieth century after Christ, or the Greek pettifogger in the darkness of the fourth century before Christ; whether I had attempted to play the part of the fabled tettix that supplied the lost chord of the citharist's lyre, and had undertaken to descant on the charm of Greek lyric poetry, all subjects that I have treated in printed or oral discourse, still the dominant theme would have been the same, the life and the studies of your lecturer, the studies which have been the life of the old learner who has reached the time when he must say with Petrarch: *Altro diletto che'mparar non provo*, "Other delight than learning have I none." There is nothing that I can say about Greek that does not recall some stage of study, some experience of life, from the days when I

stood at my father's knee and spelt out the Gospel according to St. John, little suspecting the difficulty that haunts the very first verse, and the somewhat later days when, a lad of less than twelve, I translated the so-called Anacreon into English rhyme, untroubled by questions of higher criticism and pagan morality, down to the present hour, when my favorite diversion is the chemical analysis of Greek style. This, then, is the unity of which I spoke, an unblushing unity. I am taking for granted that I am still alive, and that because I live, that which I work in lives also, a daring assumption, of which I may fail to bring satisfactory proof, so that my talks on the Vitality of Greek Studies in America may only show that said Greek studies have a name that they live and are dead.

Now I am not going to follow the example of an eloquent friend of mine who has been making a plea for Greek. It would be hopeless to attempt to vie with Professor Shorey in richness of style and wealth of illustration.

I have no plea to offer for Greek, and when some years ago a French minister of instruction hailed the coming day when no one would learn Greek except those who had to teach it, I smiled, for it is twenty years since I had a vision

which gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the stream of time,

and in the strength of that vision I evoked in a public discourse the image of the last old woman, trousered or untrousered, who should occupy the chair of the Diotimus mentioned at the beginning of this lecture. I am not going to plead for Greek, even if it were only for the Grecians in this audience; for if there is one thing that a classical scholar cares less to read than another, it is a plea for classical scholarship; if there is one thing that a Grecian would fain be excused from hearing, it is an impassioned oration in behalf of Greek studies. For every classical scholar has himself had to plead for classical scholarship, and every Hellenist has lifted up his voice in behalf of Hellenism. We are weary

of our own arguments, our own illustrations; and only a short time since, being called on for some confirmatory remarks on an orthodox exposition of the value of the Greek language and the Greek literature, I felt stirred to protest against the whole thing. If the study is doomed, I said, let it die. Living is the test of vitality, for that is the sum and substance of pragmatism, the latest phase of what I may venture to call truistic philosophy—truistic philosophy to match altruistic ethics, of which one hears so much, which one practices so little. If classical culture has outlived its usefulness; if its teachers are squeaking and gibbering ghosts and not real men, let in the light, turn on the current and have done with it. So I am not to make a speech *pro domo*, for my house, which is my castle, my fortress. Everybody knows every redoubt, every salient. The gabions are all counted, and the fascines all numbered, and the *chevaux de frise* all roughshod, and the fosse all flooded with ditchwater eloquence. This then is to be no vindication of Greek as a study. Call it an ex-

emplification of Greek as a study and I will not protest so strenuously, invidious as it may be to set one's self up as an example of anything, especially when critics have proved triumphantly that I have not profited by my lifelong studies, and that the chaste reserve of my classic models has not properly regulated my style. Indeed, following Whistler's example, I have made an acanthology of strictures on my literary performances, and the motto of the collection, with which I regale myself in lonely hours, I have taken from Ben Jonson's formidable list in the Preface to *Volpone*, "Such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors." But any style is better than a dead style, and the style of some of my critics reminds me of Badebec, wife of Gargantua, who was "the most this and the most that," but she was dead all the same. It cannot be emphasized too much that this thing of classical reserve, this reiterated *ne quid nimis*, may be overdone. Many of the classics themselves

lack classical reserve. The editors of Pindar have most of them ceased to vindicate Pindar's style. In the matter of metaphor, says Schroeder, he is still "crude and unclarified." But what can be more "crude and unclarified" than the following passage, which I take from the writings of Mark Pattison, the erudite biographer of Casaubon, a man steeped in every kind of lore, classical and other? "Even at this day a country squire or rector in *landing* with his *cub* under his *wing* in Oxford finds himself very much at *sea*." Since reading this I have given myself very little concern about Pindar's mixed metaphors or mine.

A vindication of Greek, then, is not the thing to be talked about, not for those who have already made Greek their special line of work, and most assuredly not for those who have decided to give up that of the many things that one must give up in this universe of pickings and choosings. I am not here to convert anybody. I come simply as an old student to talk to younger students, who either love the

work that I love, or else have caught enough of the university spirit to be tolerant of others' work, if not to be in sympathy with it. Greek, then, is a postulate not further to be disputed. The problem is not whether Greek is worth while, but Greek being given, what is the best way of connecting it with the life of to-day? For the teacher, for the learner, the problem is how to teach, how to learn Greek so as to make it a part, or, if you choose, recognize it as a part of the moral and intellectual life of our time. This is the form that almost every problem takes nowadays. It is the sum of our religious strivings how to transmute the Way and the Truth into the Life, of our intellectual endeavors how to transmute Method and Fact into Force. The ornamental stage of civilization is earlier than the utilitarian, and I have no quarrel, mark you, with the ornamental stage. I believe in rhetoric, but it must be rhetoric in the service of truth; not jingle, but tocsin. The fair façade must be the growth of the living rooms. The classics are an accomplishment, but not a mere accomplishment. To

be up in mythology, to make elegant classical allusions, to be ready with apt quotations, to have a fine stock of *emblemata*, of which one reads so much in Cicero's Second Verrine, movable figures that you can screw on to heighten the effect of the plated ware of after-dinner oratory, all that belongs to the older period, just as to be up in theological subtleties, to make happy or unhappy Scriptural allusions, to be ready at any time with a proof text or a Biblical parallel belongs to an older type of religionism. Both have their advantages, neither is to be lightly abandoned, and yet neither, I venture to say, marks the full current of this twentieth century.

Now this necessity of vitalizing classical study is felt everywhere, and due praise must be given to the honest efforts made in this direction, though many of them are mere revivals of abandoned experiments, so slow are men to learn from history. To be sure, the readiness with which a man can vitalize his subject is something that varies with the individuality. Some men can pass from the morn-

ing newspaper or the midnight novel straight to the lecture on Greek literature, or to the investigation of grammatical phenomena, and feel that the life is one; others have to put on mental bands and gowns in order to present the gospel of Hellenism, as Buffon is said to have put on court dress before he paid his respects to Nature; others regard a Greek joke as a sacred thing, not lightly to be laughed at. In fact, there is no more pitiable object than a man born to an honest slowness of vision and expression, who is goaded by the requirements of the age into being lively; your Goodman Dull who will fain be as nimble-witted as Moth. The students soon see through this false liveliness, are irritated, are repelled by it, and prefer in the long run the honest, steady bore of a methodical wimble to the tumultuous prodding of a would-be live teacher. We are supposed to be a race of humorists, and American jokes I have found to be in great demand in the common rooms and combination rooms of English universities; and I am afraid that this rep-

utation has had a bad effect on the style of American lecturers, who seem to think that no matter what the subject, they must vindicate their right to a share in the national sense of humor. They are not very Greek in this unfailing funniness; there is no very good Greek equivalent for "fun"; indeed, it is hard, it is almost impossible, to restore for the outsider the volatilized savor of Attic salt. One has to create an atmosphere for the inhalation of the delicate perfume. The mocking epigrams of the Greek Anthology, "some of which," says Mr. Mackail, "have an Irish inconsequence, some the grave and logical monstrosity of American humour," belong for the most part to the age of the decline. One of the most American of Greek writers, Lucian, was not a Greek, and, as Karl Friedrich Hermann said in one of his lectures, nothing in literature is sadder than the spectacle of the poor old jester, the poor old rhetorician, scraping the dried colors out of the bottom of his paintpot to make a daub withal. Still, no matter what form the message takes, sober or

gay, it is unquestionably the demand of the time that whatever study we engage in be made a part of our life. In natural science the laboratory, once sacred to the teacher, is open to the pupil, nay, he is compelled to come in. In my boyhood there was nothing but a text-book with a few pictures, and a posing demonstrator, who, when he succeeded, had the air of an adroit conjurer, when he failed, the attitude of a baffled rat-catcher. The student now makes his own vacuum, if he does not bring it with him, kills his own small deer, finds himself wanting in his own balance, handles and feels of the body of life itself. And so in philology. The student gathers his own material, works out his own results, acquires the precious conviction that he too is the master of a small domain, lord of one lizard, as Juvenal has it.

*Est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.*

To be sure, this method has its dangers, and men have been unwise enough to apply it to elementary instruction in language, to apply

it before the proper stage is reached. So a fashion has been started of making young boys abstract the rules of grammar from examples already given in the textbook. It is the so-called inductive method, a perfect juggle, a transparent juggle, one would think, for the examples have already been prepared and the rule lies implicit in them. This is botanizing in a *hortus siccus*, not even in a *hortus conclusus*, much less in meadows trim with daisies pied, but even this shows the imperative demand of life. Thoroughly vital and healthful, on the other hand, is the ever increasing demand that the written word become the spoken word, and youths are trained more and more in the immediate understanding of the classic texts. Where language is concerned, the eye can no longer say to the ear and to the tongue, I have no need of you. Nay, tongue and ear say to the eye, We are first in the domain of language. You are but the registrar of the figure, not the revealer of the soul.

There are more ways than one of making

the life of Greece our own. I must limit my view to three—three channels of life—to use the somewhat affected language of my programme.

The life of Greece and things Greek may be considered as continuous.

It may be considered as a renewal, a moral, intellectual, spiritual reproduction with which our modern life, our American life, has to do, both in contrast and coincidence, an inde-feasible exemplar.

Or we may frankly seek in the life of ancient Greece analogies to our own life, national and human; not continuity, but oneness; not the passing of the torch, but the unity of the central fire, of the central hearth. And so we say with the poet who represents the actuality of the present time as does no other poet of the day, we say with Kipling:

The thranite and the thalamite are pressures low and high,
And where three hundred blades bit white, the twin propellers fly;

The god that hailed, the keel that sailed, are changed
beyond recall,

But the robust and brass-bound man, he is not changed
at all.

The first way requires favoring circumstances, such as in the nature of things can be the lot of few, although with increasing facilities of travel, the vision of Greece is vouchsafed to a large proportion of those who profess and call themselves Grecians. To him who has eyes to see, that vision is a transcendent delight; an indefinite increment of power to him who has the secret of Greek life.

The second requires a breadth and a depth of knowledge, a span of intellectual grasp, a wing of poetic imagination such as we demand of the ideal scholar. This ideal, this hopeless ideal, if you choose to call it so, dominated all the studies of my youth. To-day the note is rather that of renunciation, and one hears the piping of the bird in the Eastern tale: "Seek not the unattainable."

The third method appeals to the homely experience of every day, and seeks to find analogies on every hand, parallels more easily discovered perhaps by those who know neither line very well. It is this desire of life that prompts transfusion rather than translation,

that endues the whiteness of antiquity with modern coloring, that substitutes high relief for low relief. As a craving for life it is fairly defensible, if not wholly justifiable; with our blunter senses we must exaggerate in order to see, and if we cannot feel our life in every limb, our hands may tingle and our feet may quiver at the music of the olden time.

Now all these methods I have appropriated in the measure of my opportunities, the measure of my susceptibilities, and I propose to say a few words about each of them.

The first method calls up a stage in my own training, for the first real teacher of Greek I ever had was a man thoroughly penetrated with the sense of historic continuity, a man who deplored the outcome of the Renaissance and the victory of Latin over Greek. He was the tutor of the first King of Greece, and while he yielded to the current of the time, so far as to write in Latin and in German, his cry was a return to the ancient language. He wrote the life of Lysias in Greek, he called himself Phrasikles instead of the honest Ger-

man Franz, and gave Greek names to all his pupils, so that I figured for the winter semester of 1850-1851 as Chrysobrachion. When Ritschl went to Rome, he eagerly sought the acquaintance of this remarkable scholar with his unequalled virtuosity in speaking ancient Greek, and Franz's *Schola Graeca* at the University of Berlin was conducted in that tongue. Not a brilliant success that *Schola Graeca*, but it influenced my whole life and my whole teaching. But the historical continuity that Franz tried to restore is an impossibility. Modern Greek, he used to say passionately, is a rag; it is not a fibre out of which a new language can be made. We must have the seamless garment of the ancient time back again. But that is an idle dream, and since Franz's day the quarrel between those who would maintain the present state of things with its threefold layer of language, the language of the press, the language of higher society, the language of the people, and those who urge and urge tempestuously the claims of what is the real

speech of the Hellenes of to-day, one party appealing to history, the other to the life of the land—to the example of the Romance languages—this quarrel has burned of late years with a blood-red flame, and I will not thrust my hand into that seven times heated furnace now. “The language generally spoken to-day in the towns,” says Professor Hatzidakis, “differs less from the common language of Polybios than the last differs from the language of Homer.” But Professor Hatzidakis is a champion of the archaizers, and he goes too far. There is a great gulf fixed between any kind of ancient Greek and the modern Greek washing list. The semi-Byzantine Greek of the newspaper which any Greek scholar can read is not a spoken language, and does not become a spoken language because a few professors in academic halls undertake to talk it, and a language that is not to be spoken is a song that is not to be sung. Bikélas used to maintain that the difference between the stratifications in Shakespeare was as great as that between the stratifications in Greek, but

Bikélas held a brief for his own translation of Shakespeare. To be sure, even in Greek as it is spoken, not the sham newspaper, not the sham academic lingo, there are many survivals. To hear *ti páthō* from a modern mouth is as if Aristophanes rose from the dead. One misses from the modern Greek vocabulary the ancient words for "wine" and "water" and "bread," but "milk" abides, and it was to me as the milk of Paradise when I was wakened one spring day in Nauplia by the street cry of *gala*. Perhaps, if it had been my privilege to be long resident in Greece, I should have fallen under the spell, and as it is, in spite of what I have just said about the artificiality of the Greek that is the medium of written communication throughout the Levant, I do not believe that the crusade against it, originated by a party among the Greeks themselves, will be successful in any time to which we may confidently look forward, nor should I personally welcome the success. As I said some years ago, "In the perpetual struggle between the wide-awake

tongue of the people and the dormant language of the books, the classical scholar is on the side of the sleeping beauty—one does not call it the dead language—and his heart is touched when the patriotic archaizer apostrophizes the ancient speech in the language of the disciple: To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

But in talks like these on the quickening of Greek studies, it is not necessary to insist on what is evident, that the way cannot lie through modern Greek, and that a visit to Greece can never become a regular complement to the collegiate course, though it is justly demanded more and more emphatically for those who intend to make themselves professors of Greek. True, we need not expect mountains and marvels from these tourists. Men always bring back what they took with them. After all, the kingdom of Hellenism is within the man, and there are those who return from Greece not much more enlightened than the valise that bears the label of that admirable hotel, the Grande Bretagne

of Constitution Square. These are they who have learned too well the favorite modern Greek phrase, *dhen pirazi*, "It makes no difference." But it is a great opportunity, and though I regret that my fleeting vision came to me late in life, still more than twelve years of remembrance have been accorded to me, and my pulse quickens as I think of my sixty short days in Greece.

Of course, the Hellenist who has lived in the Greece of to-day has not only the local sense of continuity, but there are many survivals in the actual life of the people that give vitality to the written page; and, apart from this, there is one range of studies in which we can speak of a continuous life. Greek life is continuous in its monuments. Archaeology comes not from *palaios*, which refers to lapse of time, but from *archaios*, which refers to point of origin, and the science of archaeology lays one hand on the past, the other on the present, and establishes a current that thrills through every fibre. No one can tell how much sensitive surface he has

until he comes into contact with the survivals of antique life on classic soil. Even in the cemetery of a museum, dissociated from the life of the land, there are inscriptions that speak to us, there are stones out of which start the living children of Hellas and Rome, and I am glad that I was reared in a school that counted study of ancient art as a prime condition of any just estimate of antiquity. I am happy to have had, if but a glimpse, at the end of my career, of the land about which my thoughts had revolved for so many years. Such vitality as I have has been fed by the vision of Greek nature and Greek art. I have actually tried to trace the correlation of literary art, of which I know something, and plastic art, in which I must be content to be a learner. There are hints enough in the ancient rhetoricians themselves. The early artists in prose are as the early artists in wood, in stone, in bronze, in color. The composition of the sentence follows the types of the ancient wall. The epos is as the frieze—an old comparison, the ode as the metope, the drama as a pedi-

mental group. And as for the vision of Greece itself, that abides for me as the illuminated background of every study of art and life, and Greek poetry is steeped in the amethystine hues of the garland of mountains that encompasses Athens, the Athens that still is.

I now pass from the consideration of the first method, and if the continuity of Greek life connects itself for me with the memory of one teacher, the second method, which may be called the idealistic method, connects itself with another. As I am not ashamed of being classed with the alphabetic grammarians, so I do not underrate my own vocation as a teacher. For the intellectual and spiritual history of most men is to be found in the succession of their teachers, but it must be remembered that the function of the teacher is mainly the introduction to the love or the loves of one's life. The lessons are lost, the love abides, and love is life. It is fairly safe to say that there is no great genius of modern times whose career is so well known as

Goethe's, and the Eternal Feminine stands at every sinuosity of his path. You cannot dissociate Dante from Beatrice, and if Beatrice was a personification, personifications are the most potent form of the Eternal Feminine. The ideal becomes the passion of one's life, and one says to the ideal, *Tu ricca, tu con pace, tu con senno*. She brings wealth, not what men call wealth, it is true, she brings peace, she brings "sense." As I look back, I see more plainly than ever that the second source of life, to which I have referred, became for me the dominant motive of all my work. That mistress of mine bore a lumbering name—*Altertumswissenschaft*—imperfectly rendered by "Science of Antiquity." But then you cannot translate "Gretchen," you can only love her. The man who introduced me to her was a quiet old Privy Councillor, not calculated, one should say, to inspire enthusiasm. He was sixty-five years old, bent with what is called the scholar's stoop—a most unnecessary thing at sixty-five—a man of shuffling gait, of slow and deliberate utterance, who

read his lectures from a yellow "heft" to which were attached supplementary strips of paper, and yet his teaching made a passionate classicist out of an amateurish student of literature. Boeckh was a great master, the greatest living master of Hellenic studies, and if I became after a fashion a Hellenist, it was due not merely to the catalytic effect of his presence, but to the orbéd completeness of the ideal he evoked, and though the fifty odd years that have elapsed since I sate in his lecture-rooms have witnessed the elimination of many of the results of his studies, the human results abide. Alas! for my poor old flame—*Altertumswissenschaft*. Her fate reminds me of a story of Callot Hoffmann's, which tells of a man who fell in love with a fair form. The man was mad, and the fair form was a lay-figure. And so we have been told of late years that there is no such thing as the science of antiquity, that our goddess is merely a jointed doll, each part of it valuable as so much wood, and that is all. There is a cycle of studies, no celestial orb. But if it was an

illusion, it was an illusion that stood me in good stead, and if I have ever brought any vital force for myself and others to the study of the classics, it has been through the belief cherished from early manhood in the correlation of all the various departments of study. Every manifestation of national life has its answering manifestation in every other. This is the bread of life and the water of life that have sustained me as they have sustained others through the aridities of a wilderness of study, and if that on which my eyes have gazed is not Plato's ocean of the beautiful, but a mirage, I thank God for the mirage. There is somewhere an ocean of the beautiful, and he who believes that the spiritual resurrection of the classical past is the scholar's ideal, will bring to his work a life that is denied to him who has no faith in the scientific value of the imagination. Let me repeat here what I said long, long since of the great scholar whose loss we are all mourning now, Franz Buecheler: "Some years ago I attended a lecture by a great master. The theme

was the vanishing of weak vowels in Latin. Candor compels me to state that although I pride myself on being interested in the most uninteresting things, I should have chosen another subject for a specimen lecture. . . . I was much struck with the tone in which he announced his subject. It was the tone of a man who had seen the elements melt with fervent heat and the weak vowels vanish at the sound of the last trump. The tone, indeed, seemed entirely too pathetic for the occasion, but as he went on and marshalled the facts and set in order the long lines that connected the disappearance of the vowel with the downfall of an empire, and great linguistic, great moral, great historical laws marched in stately procession before the vision of the student, the airy vowels that had flitted into the Nowhere seemed to be the lost soul of Roman life; and the Latin language, Roman literature and Roman history were clothed with a new meaning." It is true that the scholar of to-day, like the scientific man of to-day, must be a specialist. A great

teacher, one to whose living presence I owe a great deal, one whom I love to recall in his flashing prime, has said: Enthusiasm abides only in specialization. Rightly interpreted, I believe in this also. A man who simply raves about the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome is one for whom the real lover of antiquity has little respect. A man who exhausts his English vocabulary in extolling a Greek orator and mistranslates the passages that he selects for especial comment is worse than the infidel who does not believe in Greek. It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of philology than to dwell in the tents of the rhetorician. For the true life is due to the consciousness of service. Specialization may readily degenerate into what is the worst characteristic of our guild, specialization in the interest of personal vanity, specialization which points out the misplacement of a decimal figure, specialization which caws about the knob on the church spire, as Goethe puts it in his homely way. No truth stands alone, and the most effective work is done by

those who see all in the one as well as one in the all.

The scholar of this type has life in himself, and has it so abundantly that he can communicate it to others. The principle may be mysterious, it may be indefinable, but it is not less potent for all that.

The third method lies in the identification of the life of antiquity with the life of our own day. This is not the continuity of life of which I spoke a while ago, it is the resurgence of life. The study of mankind is one of perennial interest. Witness the passionate pursuit of that folklore which has forced the English word into the language of every civilized nation in the world. The same story recurs in the fables, the Märchen of the most diverse nationalities. "The cat comes back;" the Marquis de Carabas belongs to Æsop's litter of kittens, and there is a keen pleasure in tracing this narrative and that in all its variants back to its early home in Hindustan. But the study of anthropology shows that in the wide circuit of the world

there are customs and myths of startling similarity that can have no historical connection whatever, and the interest in these, as ultimately the interest in the others, goes back to the manifestation of the workings of a common humanity. So he who has lived his own life most truly knows best the life of antiquity, a much less complex life, it is said, than ours, and therefore better suited for initial study, as one begins the study of the human frame with the skeleton. I am not so certain of that, in fact I become less certain of that and of every other axiomatic statement the longer I live. But there is no denying the charm of the recurrent situation, and the same method of presentation that has made folklore so fascinating a study can be made to lend life to instruction in the classics. The ancients recognize these recurrences. Greek history is equipped with markers from Homer, and the period in which some of us lived most intensely, in which we lived on the highest plane on which mortal man can live, has its parallels and its principles in Thucydides' History of

the War between the States. To be sure, I am going further than that, and I shall try to show that American conditions and American character qualify us for the maintenance of special kinship with the Greek; and kinship is a magic word still in this Old Dominion. When I came as a boy to Virginia more than sixty years ago, amazed at the ramifications of the old Virginia families, I said: "This is no commonwealth, this is a cousinwealth;" and I am sure that I shall be forgiven if I attempt to trace our spiritual kindred with the Eternal Youths of History, as the Greeks have been called, with the sons of Javan, the Juvenes of a fanciful etymology. This will be the theme of my last lecture. In the next I will undertake to present some aspects of the Greek language and literature in their relation to the time that now is and the land in which we dwell.

LECTURE II

GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Language, Literature, Life—these were the triple lines to be traversed in three lectures, but like so many of my educational brethren who talk so much about methods that they leave themselves no space to teach anything else, I have lingered so long in surveying the roads that I shall not have much time in which to build them, and so I must crowd what I have to say on both language and literature into the present talk. A friend of mine, one of the most eloquent advocates of Greek studies, and one of the most admirable exemplars of the effect of Greek, Professor Butcher—has written an important essay entitled “What we owe to Greece,” and I might consider our American language and our American literature from this point of view. But I am not certain that this would

be the most effective plea for Greek. The sentiment "Base is the slave that pays" finds an echo in many hearts, and it has been contended by high authority that ingratitude, so far from indicating a low order of character, is the mark of a highstrung nature that resents obligation. Aristotle explains why it is that we are so much fonder of those whom we benefit than of those by whom we are benefited, and I have asked myself whether the better sort of Greek teachers do not in their hearts feel that the Greeks ought to be very much obliged to them. Greek jests are very limited in quantity and quality. The phonetic purity of the language is fatal to the growth of puns. It often takes two words to make one pun in Greek, like the fabled trousers that took two gentlemen to show the pattern, and puns of this kind are paraded over and over again by rhetorician after rhetorician. The citizens of Hamburg made little clubs of four to understand one joke of Rivarol, and so a whole company of professors is sometimes needed to elucidate one Greek jest; and

your American teacher of Greek literature sometimes groans at the necessity of laboriously expounding Greek facetiousness instead of tossing off his own admirable witticisms to his own greater glory and the greater delectation of his audience. And I know whereof I affirm, because I have spent much oil and toil on the Wit and Humor of Aristophanes. But I am not going to dwell on Aristophanes' obligations to me. I only wish to say a word in defence of my objections to being under obligations to anybody else. "Thy spirit, Independence, let me share," and I am not going to draw on other people's stores in these lectures, for I quite approve of the attitude of Wilamowitz, the foremost Hellenist of the present day, who, in his impatience of authorities, has said substantially: "Egad, while I am wasting my time in looking up authorities, I could excogitate something much better than I could possibly find elsewhere." And so I am going to take my own way in talking of the Greek language. Doubtless there will be coincidences with previous discourses on the

subject. No lover can avoid the catalogue of the charms of his mistress. Petrarch is eloquent in sonnet and canzone on the subject of Laura's eyes. Shall our mistress lack eyes? Again, your true lover is sublimely indifferent to the fact that the audience is utterly unacquainted with the object of his adoration, and so even after many years of close communion with Greek, I was capable in 1869 of holding forth ecstatically on its physical charms, for I am enough of a heathen to recognize in physical beauty the only true incentive of love. It is the physical beauty of Greek that constitutes its intimate attraction, that redeems, for instance, the tedious obviousnesses of the old man eloquent, and I could still rhapsodize, as I did forty years ago, on the sequences of vowels and the combinations of consonants, the concert of mute and liquid, the clear-cut outline of every word in Greek, clear and sharp as the sky-line of the mountains of Greece, as the effigies on Greek coins. I could still wax lyrical about the paradigm of the Greek verb. The Greek verb is, indeed, a marvel.

“Flexible and exact, simple in its means, abundant in its applications, with varying tones for colorless statement, for eager wish, for purpose, for command, now despatching the past with impatient haste, now unrolling it in panoramic procession, but bringing forth its treasure of vowels and diphthongs to mark the striving of the will, the thought, the desire, toward the future,” and so on and so on. Perhaps discourse like this might rouse the curiosity of the student and win here and there a friend for Greek. The teacher can never know whether shall prosper either this or that. I remember to have read in Gogol’s “Dead Souls” a eulogy of Russian that would have inspired me, if I had been endowed with ample leisure, to attempt the acquisition of that difficult idiom. But I am not quite sure that this unverifiable laudation is the right way to lend vitality to the study. “The king’s daughter is all glorious within.” But he that is without remains cold as a rule. The love of a language from this point of view is a

matter of individual experience, a business to be transacted under four eyes only, and as much of the physical beauty of a language depends on the pronunciation, it may be well to relegate the whole thing to the realm of "fancy," that admirable old word for love. I will, therefore, waive the whole subject of the perfection of the Greek language, both in its form and its function, the wealth of its vocabulary, and the flexibility of its syntax, and limit myself to a few remarks on the relation of Greek to our daily life.

That Greek belongs to the same family of languages as our native tongue matters very little. The ultimate affinity of Greek and Latin, for we cannot keep Latin out of this consideration, does not enter into our consciousness at all. Any healthy language appropriates foreign vocables and naturalizes them, so to speak. Etymology is naught. We do not think of the original five ingredients of the dangerous brew we call "punch." "Punch" may be a dead word, but it is a very live thing, and stingeth like an adder or

any of the other snakes it is apt to generate. Punch, the brew, isn't two hundred years old, and yet is as fine an English word as the other "Punch" that comes from the Italian, and haply through the Italian from the Greek, or that other "punch" that comes from the Latin. We have strings of monosyllables that are made over into honest Anglo-Saxon words, and the most emphatic word in the English language—the one by which the English-speaking man is known the world over—is as good an Anglo-Saxon word as any that came riding into the tight little island of our forefathers with Hengist and Horsa, and yet it is Latin. "Box," "socks," "rocks," are as good Anglo-Saxon as "ox" and "fox," and so we go on annexing and restamping the vocables of every language under the sun. The word "punch" reminds me that the great Oxford dictionary is even now struggling with the letter P. There is but a handful of real English words beginning with that letter, and yet the monosyllabic "P's" are all pungently English. At the

same time so subtle a thing is language that a large proportion of the P-words show the stateliness of their Greco-Latin origin, and in his curious analysis of English style, Robert Louis Stevenson emphasizes the fact that multiplication of P's lends Greco-Latin "pomp" to English utterance. Language as written, as spoken, is an art and not a science. The study of origins, of etymology, has very little, if anything, to do with the practice of speaking and writing. The affinity of English with Greek and Latin is a matter that does not enter into the artistic consciousness of the masses that own the language. The study of etymology may help a scholar here and there to a happier use of language, but over-consciousness is fatal to supreme excellence in composition, and the best etymologists, the best grammarians, are not the best stylists. Indeed, among the worst stylists I know are men learned in all the mysteries of the origin of English. Cobbett's indictment of the fruits of classical scholarship is itself an English classic. One goes to the tinker, John Bun-

yan, and to the cotton-spinner, John Bright, who knew no Latin or Greek, for specimens of English at its best, and not to Halliwell-Phillipps or to our late atrabilarious countryman Fitzedward Hall. Bright, it is true, was nurtured by the study of those who had fed on the honeydew of the classics, but Bunyan—that is a serious problem for the student of English style. I am not casting any aspersion on the character of that rather uncertain maid Etymology, but our present meditation does not deal with Etymology; we have to deal not with the roots but with the foliage of language, and that foliage, that vocabulary, is largely made up of Greek and Latin words. When we learn Greek and Latin, we meet with hosts of old familiars, so that it has actually been proposed to learn Latin and Greek by supplementing the English vocabulary, and Professor Goodell, of Yale, prepared in his hopeful days a little volume called *The Greek in English*, with a view to facilitating the acquisition of Greek. Similar experiments have been made with

other languages. I recall a textbook which undertook to teach German by gathering up first all the words that were common to German and English, and then proceeding to those that had a clear etymological connection, and so on to the more remote congeners. Six weeks in a German family, in German surroundings, would have been worth all that parade of etymology, and after all someone has been bold enough to say that the structure of the sentence in modern English takes it out of the Teutonic group. In this respect we are nearer French than we are to German, and you remember Matthew Arnold's famous essay in which he congratulated the English-speaking world that they are not bound by the Germanic rules, of which Mark Twain has made immortal fun. But infinite as our obligations are to French, obligations set forth with staggering volubility by Churton Collins just before his death, the heart of our language is Anglo-Saxon, that is, Germanic, and the contrast between the sphere of the Anglo-Saxon and the sphere of the French element

is a familiar story. But the kinship of English and German shows itself in an artistic way, and that is in the instinctive repugnance we feel against the incorporation of German words into our language. Scholars are prone to import the German technical terms of linguistic science into English, but they are all repellent; the very kinship makes them disagreeable. They are so much like English that they ought to be Anglicized, and submit to the assimilative processes through which the Latin and Greek elements of our language have passed, to the strangle of the mailed fist with which we have seized the wealth of other idioms and compressed the leaf into the lump, the polysyllable into the monosyllable. To this monosyllabic character foreigners object. True, they admire this pemmican of language, as English has been called, but the German poet Platen reproaches us with the inharmoniousness of our monosyllabic speech. Let Tennyson make answer in his *In Memoriam* from the artistic point of view, and Sweet from the scientific point of view. The verte-

bræ play into each other with all the perfection of a continuous surface, so that the music resides in the sentence, not in the words. Now I have claimed all monosyllables with Anglo-Saxon coloring as our own, and so we have to look to the polysyllabic constituents of our speech for the Latin and Greek contributions to our thesaurus, and as the language does not belong to the scholar, but to the people, it would be a curious question how far the people feel these foreign elements of our composite speech. The man, for instance, who knows no Latin falls instinctively into the Latin strain of English when he essays the grand style. Johnsonese, as it is called, is by no means an extinct lingo, and the example of one of the most robust statesmen our times have known has left on record astounding proof of the fact that the pomp of our English Latin is not inconsistent with vigor. We choose the tallest man for a drum major, and the strongest man is chosen to flaunt the banner in the procession. From one of Mr. Cleveland's latest compositions I cull the fol-

lowing delightful phrases—actuarial mystery, managerial calculation, senseless resentment, predatory acquisitiveness, demagogic appeal. We may smile, but there is a man behind these words, and those who want honest Anglo-Saxon would be puzzled to find an Anglo-Saxon substitute for “innocuous desuetude.” I am deviating into Latin, it is true, but the Greek words that are imbedded in our language come largely through the Latin, and in technical language, in which Greek makes itself chiefly felt, Latin and Greek have a common cause, and alike roused rebellion on the part of Anglo-Saxon purists, who some decennia ago talked of the “unthoroughfarsomeness of stuff,” instead of “impermeability of matter,” and when “stuff” turned out to be French, substituted for stuff “anwork,” or “antimber.” These are they who would revive “Againbite of Inwit” for “remorse of conscience.” In a book published thirty years ago, *The Past, Present and Future of England’s Language*, Mr. William Marshall proposed “farwrit” for “telegram,” “lig-

writ " for " photograph," "outstandingness " for " person," and a lot of " wan's " besides the obsolete " wanhope," which is pretty enough. In Germany the rebellion against Greek and Latin and other foreign vocables has led to some absurd results. The German purists of my boyhood were often forced to write the " foreign " word in brackets after the " native " word to explain what the native word meant; and the war against French has been renewed of late years to the confusion of those who learned German half a century ago. The technical Greek terms that have been incorporated into German have to be used in order to explain the new-fangled German terms, and though in modern English the linguistic conscience is often offended by the dreadful compounds that are manufactured after German patterns, when it comes to technical terms, we surrender to the Greek, and one of the side-functions of the Greek professor is to lick into shape the cubs of scientific vocabulary. The old cockney joke of the manufacturer of blacking, " We keeps

a poet," has its modern parallel in "We keeps a Grecian."

So long then as our divine English must summon Greek as the scientific Adam to name all the new creations of our mechanical genius, there is no danger that Greek will be utterly forgotten. "Windjammer" is a fine word, I grant, and so is every Anglo-Saxon compound that grows and is not made, but these are very few. Indeed it is said that the only good compound evolved during the Civil War is "gripsack." The period of such spontaneous growths seems to have passed with the Shakespearean times. Beddoes, under German influences, tried to bring back the day of Anglo-Saxon "kennings," but we shall always say "telephone" and "telegraph" instead of "far-speaker" and "far-writer" with "phone" and "wire" in time of need. I am personally responsible for "bolometer," which I created at the request of the late Professor Langley. "Aërodrome" comes straight from Lucian, and it was at my earnest request that Professor Langley for-

bore to prefix "tachy" in order to indicate its speed. Why multiply syllables? I said. Ten years hence it will be "drome." In less than ten years we have "aëroplane," "the wanderer through the air," which is doubtless destined to become plain "plane." It is impossible to get rid of Greek. With all this wealth of Greek technical terms, there is no possibility of the bodily passing of Greek. It is an integral part of our daily linguistic life, and the subconsciousness of it is always something to be counted with.

About the persistence of Greek literature and Greek literary tradition in our literature, there can be no question, unless we make an unparalleled break with our past, unless we do in literature and art what some are aiming to do in politics. For English literature one needs a classical dictionary from our morning-star Chaucer down to the smelly kerosene lamp of the magazine writer.

Whatever our degree of kinship to the early representatives of the Aryan race, they are naught to us in comparison with the

Greeks, whether native Greeks or Romanized Greeks. Comparative grammar has done its best to bring us into conscious connection with our Aryan past; I need only refer to Max Müller's popular essays, and for more recent times to Professor Bloomfield's brilliant lectures on the Religion of the Veda. We do not worship Dyauspitar as we worship Jupiter and Zeus. Dyauspitar will not fit into Pope's "Jehovah, Jove or Lord"; Varuna does not speak to us as does Uranus, far off as Uranus is, nor Sarameyas as Hermes, nor do the Haritas, horses of the sun, appeal to us as do the Charites, the *Gratiae decentes* of Greece and Rome. All modern European literature is alive to us by reason of this community; all else is a mere curiosity; at most, a bit of anthropology. Some time ago a volume of translations from the Tamil fell into my hands. Tamil literature, it seems, is impregnated with Sanskrit literature, and I make no doubt that the Sanskrit scholar would feel many a kindred touch in these Tamil quatrains, but somehow they do not appeal to me,

and I tried in vain to do for them in my measure what Fitzgerald did for Omar Khay-yám in his. Here is one:

Lord of the hilly land where the immature little monkey, with its finger like a bean-pod, will flip its father when it meets him, and poke him and snatch fruit from him. Afflictive indeed is friendship with the uncongenial.

The immature little monkey with its finger like a bean-pod is good, but you can't get the figures of the sons of Eli, of the sons of Œdipus, out of the immature little monkey with its finger like a bean-pod. He is an exotic; he belongs to the zoölogical garden, where he is caged, to the top of a hand-organ, where he is tethered.

It is, I repeat, a matter of tradition and not of blood; bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh as much as you please. True, Odin and Thor and Freya plant themselves square on our Christian week. A Northern goddess gives her name to a Christian festival. But Balder is dead and Apollo lives, and if a man like Sophus Bugge arises and propounds the false doctrine, heresy and schism that all the

figures of Norse mythology are mere transfers from the classics, we have no sense of blasphemy. "And they called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Mercurius," and all our deities bear pagan, bear classic names. One is sick of the old quotation often misquoted, old as it is, about Shakespeare's small Latin and less Greek. Read Stapfer's book on Shakespeare and Antiquity, read Shakespeare himself, not his dramas taken from Plutarch, but his other plays, and see what a stock of classical allusions he has. Ben Jonson is full of classic reminiscences; his learned sock is full of the dust of the Appian Way. Read Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*. It is a little thing but scholars have not yet answered all the questions that it suggests. It is a most important monument of English prose, and English prose that comes straight from the close embrace of the classics. Milton's text has not yet been exhausted by the student of antiquity. I do not think that I should care to give my days and nights to Lycophron in order to understand Milton better, but think of the

enormous influence Milton has exerted. The classicism of the eighteenth century is not what we should call a vital classicism. Chapman's Homer has more real life than Pope's Homer. Few are the authors of the period on whom Greek had a true hold, but Virgil's magic wand still ruled the century, and to know Greek is the price of knowing Virgil. Out of the *Georgics*, the masterpiece of the great Mantuan, out of the elegiac poets of Roman antiquity, true poetry has been born again. All European science was kindled from the spark kept alive in astrology; all the new growth of the poetry of nature may be traced to the phosphate of didactic poetry. Gray, I need not say, was a classicist in every fibre, and in the closer study of style, in the study of phonetic effects, he has few rivals. His work is imperishable, but who would suspect in the author of the *Elegy* the patient annotator of Strabo? Cowper, in whom we see the dawn of a new day, owes much to the antique. The upheaval of the French revolution was a return to the republican life of

the classic world. Byron, rhetorician though he is, and far more Roman than Greek, died for Greece. Shelley is an exhalation from a Greek censer, and Keats' sensitive harp vibrated to the divine air that blew through the hedge of translation. The great Victorian poets are steeped in Greek study. Never was Greek nearer to us than it is now. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, suggest classic themes. One of my former pupils, Professor Mustard, has written a whole volume on classical echoes in Tennyson, and classic themes are nearer to us, more real to us—not to me, but to you—than Knights of the Round Table and the parties to an Italian lawsuit.

Another point on which it might be profitable to dwell, especially as it is less worn than the one on which I have been pirouetting, is the persistence of classic culture in authors that have had no classical training, no classical drill. Take Bunyan for the old time; take Kipling for the time that now is. At least I did take Kipling for the time

that now is, but in order to make sure, I requested a friend of mine, who knew him personally, to ask Kipling whether he had ever studied the ancient classics. His answer was: I know only the dry bones (Bohns) of classical literature. They are, as some of those who are present know, the dry bones of a well-known species of pony. Since then I have had reason to doubt the truth of the statement, but why surrender an illustration at the bidding of fact? And some of you may remember the Horatian passage in the *Native-born*, one of the *Songs of the Seven Seas*:

They change their skies above them
But not their hearts that roam;
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call Old England "home."

The thranite and the thalamite of the verses quoted in my first lecture require a Greek lexicon, if they are not to be as meaningless to the average reader as Hivite and Perizite, and the "god that hailed" is the classic form of the Prince of the Power of the Air. I too would plead for an honest American

literature, a literature of the soil, but the classics are in a measure our home, and Kipling quotes Horace as the burial service quotes a verse from a Greek comic poet. It is not a matter of blood, it is a matter of tradition.

I have had something to say, one can say little in view of the wealth of material, about Greek as a tradition, as an incorporation. I might say as much, if not more, about Greek as a standard, as something to which we are bound to recur, and which we must try to understand. This insistence on the standard is very Greek. The Greeks themselves were very much given to canons, which they incorporated in works of art. The matter is notorious in architecture, in sculpture. Oddly enough in the art of speech, in rhetoric, the Greek standards have been more and more neglected. Even the French who have owed so much to formal rhetoric have begun to break away from the tradition, and as for the English, what else is to be expected? The foremost English editor of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* sneers at the later Greek rhetoricians, as

if the later Greek rhetoricians had not kept alive the traditions of a better time, and for lack of rhetorical training some of our leading literary men have been left to rediscover in their practice the elementary law of the sentence, to wit, that the sentence is to be measured by the breath of the utterance, that it has a pneumonic gauge. The carpenter who tests the squareness of his joints by 8, 6 and 10 is doing a bit of Greek mathematics, and follows an exact method which is far better than the rule of thumb by which nearly everybody writes. And those Greek rules are things of life, of poetry. The period must not exceed what can be carried on one breath; must not exceed four trimeters, four hexameters. The measure of the sentence is the breath. That is life. The measure of the breath is the verse. That is poetry. And it is not uninteresting to note that as poetry regulated prose speech, so the soaring verse of Homer furnished the measure of the scrivener's task, and the scribe was practically paid by the hexametrical line.

But it is more in consonance with the object of these lectures to give prominence to Greek for its suggestiveness rather than for its normality, which so many people consider as suppressive of life, whereas true life, like true liberty, demands nothing more imperatively than bounds. And the reference I have made to the canons of Greek sculpture reminds me of the charge of coldness and statuesqueness which perfervid Romanticists used to bring against classical literature, classical literature which really palpitates with life. How readily modern thought finds its embodiment in the plastic forms of Greek mythology, I need not tell you who are familiar with the poetry of our own age, and those cold, statuesque forms are ready to spring into life again, perhaps a higher life, if touched by genius. Form is antique, they say, but color is modern. How antiquity has been misjudged, and misjudged for centuries, is patent enough now. I am old enough to remember the hot controversy about the use of color in Greek architecture and Greek sculpture. There is no such quar-

rel now, and as I have always worked on the abandoned formula of a great central purpose in history, as it has always seemed to me, to use the figure of Jean Paul, that the same sun that regulates the movement of the planets, regulates the unfolding of the flower-clock of art and literature, so I have often thought that the perfect revelation of the past is reserved for those who have been trained to appreciate the fulness of the times, and that the microscopic studies of our own day are to be made subservient to a truer appreciation of the beautiful in antique art, literary as well as plastic. At least such has been the aim of my own life, and my chief hope that I have not lived in vain.

On the one hand, then, we of this day are really better able to appreciate the life of antiquity by our systematic studies than those who have gone before us, and this shows that these studies are vital, or they would not grow; and on the other hand, new material has been furnished to round our conception of the oneness of the old life with

the new. Of this new material I shall have a word or two to say, but I must now turn to the great stock of Greek literature before the recent additions which Egypt has yielded to the stores of the eager scholar. There is no lack of palpitating life in Greek literature, no lack of freshness and dewiness in the field of the Charites, no lack of real flowers, no lack of swaying, wooing blossoms. Flowers, oh yes! there are flowers in Greek literature. Have we not the Anthology, hasn't Mr. Mac-kail's translation with his delightful introduction reached a second edition? But there are flowers and flowers, flowers of rhetoric and flowers of sulphur, and I venture to say that the Greek Anthology is full of subtle problems of taste, I had almost said smell, for the Greeks valued flowers, grew flowers largely for their smell, just as in English the native word is "nosegay," not "bouquet," and the sense of smell, one of the lowest senses as it is called, is one of the most subtle, more subtle than the most searching chemical analysis. And this intimate perfume is to be sought and

found in the least trodden recesses of Greek literature, and it is a matter of joy to me that the study of Greek lyric, so long neglected, has been brought to the front. He who knows the real Anacreon will not be imposed by the sham Anacreon, and will learn to distinguish between tonqua bean and vanilla. In the intimate appreciation of such things there has been an immeasurable advance in our time. Think of what Sappho was to Namby Pamby Phillips, what she is to Swinburne, in whose Anactoria she lives again and burns again. It is almost incredible that the original of Catullus' *Ille mi par esse deo videtur* should appear in a history of Greek literature in Phillips's rendering, when so many better, though still inadequate, versions are to be found in Mr. Wharton's Sappho. And then this deeper study, this truer appreciation, has had its reward in these latter days—let us hope—will continue to have its reward, and the old-fashioned Providence to which I did homage a few minutes ago has held back some of the most coveted treasures of antiquity, un-

til we were ready for them, just as some of the greatest achievements of the plastic art of antiquity have come forth from their hiding places to rejoice the eyes of the men of our day. To one who takes large views of history there is a certain consolation in the loss of so much of antique literature. Whole departments of literature have been swept away, and we sigh for this author and that author in the ranges that are left. But, as I have maintained, the most characteristic monuments have survived, those which no conceivable combination could ever reproduce, and now when the love of the antique is waxing cold, our curiosity is quickened by the discovery not only of works that were supposed to be lost forever, but works that reveal kinship where kinship was not suspected. Greek is an almost inevitable accomplishment, if one would keep up with the times. Aristotle's *Constitution of Athens* roused more excitement than the newest novel. It was the book of the month; it was as if the other side of the moon had been turned round

to our vision, and a catalogue of all the results of Egyptian exploration, not to say a characteristic of them, would fill a long course of lectures. Not only have we complemented our knowledge of the great poets that we have, but we have learned important lessons in the book of humanity, we have been brought into touch with a life that is our own. Even our frailties which we nursed as pet ailments of our intellectual and moral structure have been identified. The vulgarity of Herodas is ours, the fantastic turbulence of Timotheus is ours, the so-called Erotic Fragment of Grenfell quivers with a passion that some of the unmentionable novels of our day simulate, and the charm of Menander for antiquity turns out to be a certain modern sentimentality, as where a husband who has tried to indemnify himself for the supposed infidelity of his wife, reflects on the moral superiority of the party of the other part.

With the advance of Greek studies has gone hand in hand an advance in the art of translation—the advance of Greek studies,

for, as I put it some time ago, the cubic contents of Greek are greater than ever; and I have no sympathy with the pedantry that bars out translation and insists on the original. Many friends have been lost to classical study by the ban that pedants have issued against renderings first into Latin, then into modern languages. The French fashion of issuing classic texts, faced with a translation into French, is coming up, and in England Greek scholars of the highest rank, such as Jebb, have won renown not only by their commentaries, but by renderings that answer as commentaries at many subtle points. But translation and methods of translation furnish a theme on which an old teacher might hold forth forever, and after all there abides in the original an incommunicable charm. Jules Janin, the frivolous, tells a story of two French Hellenists who went into rhapsodies over Pindar, and chanted long passages of the original to one another. But when the wife of President Morisset insisted on a translation, and her husband yielded to her request,

she protested against the gallimaufry he was trying to palm off on her, and declared that it would have been much better if these scholars had confessed that they were revelling in indecencies unfit for the ear of a self-respecting woman. There is a familiar illustration of the inadequacy of the best rendering possible in Lewes' *Life of Goethe*, where he translates a verse of Mickell's famous ballad into another English:

The dewes of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Shone on the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

The nightly dewes commenced to fall,
The moon, whose empire is the sky,
Shone on the sides of Cumnor Hall
And all the oaks that stood thereby.

Sweetly did fall the dewes of night,
The moon of heaven, the lovely queen,
On Cumnor Hall shone silver bright
And glanced the oaks' broad boughs between.

Now I venture to say with Lewes that no rendering into a foreign tongue is likely to approximate the fidelity of these sacrilegious performances, and what shall be said of a newspaper retranslation into English of a

French version of such a master-poem as Poe's *Raven*?

I pushed the shutter. A superb raven darted into my chamber, gracefully fluttering his wings. He did not make me any reverence. He came in as if he felt perfectly at home, and perched, full of majesty, with the grand airs of a lord or a lady, on a bust of Pallas above my door.

I could not refrain from smiling before the grave countenance of this bird of ebony. Tell me, I said aloud, what is your lordly name on this Plutonian shore of the night? He responded, *Never again*.

This response did not seem to have much sense. Did it ever happen to anybody to find at midnight over his door on a bust of Pallas a bird calling itself "*Never again*"?

A gross caricature, you may say, and unworthy of this audience. Let me exemplify the importance of minute change in diction and rhythm by a rendering of a verse of Tennyson, that keeps much closer to the language than Lewes' translations of Mickell:

The rain had fallen, the poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street.
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.
And he sate him down in a lonely place
And chanted a melody loud and sweet
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The rain had ceased, the poet rose,
He passed through town, passed out of street.
A light wind from the sun's gates blew,
And waves of shade went o'er the wheat.
Down sate he in a lonely place
And sang a song both loud and sweet.
The wild swan paused within her cloud,
The lark from heaven dropped at his feet.

Byron is not the most musical of poets, and Swinburne declares that he gains by a translation into French prose, but I have recently met with a translation of one familiar line into French prose, and I am sure that "Fare thee well! and if forever, still forever fare thee well," does not gain in Bourget's rendering, *Adieu, et si c'est pour toujours, hé bien, adieu, pour toujours adieu. Larmes, vaines larmes*, was Brunetière's obvious translation of "Tears, idle tears," and there are "tears" in *larmes*, but not our tears. One reason of the inadequacy of translation is the hopeless difference of the phonetic affinities of the various mechanical equivalents. Translate "nightingale" by *rossignol*, if you choose, but the associations of *rossignol* are as ignoble as those of "nightingale" are

lofty, and everybody knows how the French Melpomene balked at the translation of Othello because of "handkerchief." *Mouchoir*, with all its vile associations, was not meant for a tragic crisis. What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Must everybody learn Greek? Such a conclusion would savor too much of that plea for Greek which I declined to make at the outset of these talks. And yet I should like to say a word in closing by way of reply to those who sneer at a smattering of this language and that. It is astonishing, I have said elsewhere, how much enjoyment one can get from a language one understands imperfectly; and Prince Kropotkin, a linguist as all Russians are, asks, "Is there a higher æsthetic delight than to read poetry in a language which one does not yet quite thoroughly understand?" It is astonishing what a moral effect the sentences of a foreign tongue can exercise. It is astonishing what a feeling of fellowship is engendered by a stock quotation from Latin and Greek. Whether it is worth while to spend so much time on

Latin and Greek in order to recall a musical line from Homer or Virgil, to say from the heart some of the untranslatables, such as *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*, such as *meta kai tode toisi genesthō*, to put one's self into sympathetic relation with the scholarly past, it is not for me to say, as my testimony may be suspect, and might reveal more of my life than would be fitting. All that the best of us reach in any range of study is a smattering, and I am only thankful for my own smatterings. In crises of life the words that come up to one are not always the words of the mother tongue, but those that had been acquired at school, the words of comfort and counsel that saved the lesson from being an unmitigated bore. Those nails fastened by the masters of assemblies are golden nails. We say of a supreme resolve: *iacta alea esto*. It means more than "The die is cast," for it means "Let the die be cast and stay cast." But when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon he used Greek and not Latin. *Anerrhipthō kybos* is recorded among the fragments of his favor-

ite Menander. A queer French writer engraved on his seal the English words "Too late!"—the summary of a life that was on the whole a failure. It does not mean more to us than *Trop tard*, but it must have meant much more to him. Reading Luther's Table Talk many years ago, I was struck with the fact that whenever the great translator of the Bible was stirred, he quoted Scripture in Latin. *Führ' uns nicht in Versuchung* of his own *Vater unser* could never have meant the same to him as *Ne nos inducas in tentationem*. One's stock of Hebrew may be scant, but one can never forget the narrative of Samson and the strange puns in which he, like other strong men of history, indulged, so that from his entrance to his exit, every utterance is a rude jest; and deeply affecting as the story of Joseph is in any version, the three Hebrew words of Jacob's cry over the bloody raiment of his son Joseph defy translation, and linger in the memory long after what Heinrich Heine called the "tick tack" of the model Hebrew verb has become a faint

echo in the brain. The theme is so vast, the illustrations so abundant, that the symmetry which the Greek so loved and which I, as a lover of all things Greek, so love, has perforce been abandoned, but the Greeks themselves sacrificed symmetry to Life, and so I have never hesitated to sacrifice symmetry to Life, but as I come to a close, I feel most keenly that any life there has been in my little talk is due to the answering life in your indulgent attention, for which you have my heartfelt thanks.

LECTURE III

AMERICANISM AND HELLENISM

I had given an alternative title to this last lecture, and had called it *Hellas* and *Hesperia*, but the alliteration was so attractive that I have appropriated it for the whole triad, which it fits fairly well. *Hesperia*, the Western land, was to the Greek of old the Land of Hope, and our Western land is the Land of Hope to the Greek of to-day. The island of Pelops is almost depopulated by the stream of emigration to the modern Atlantis, and the Greek of to-day recognizes in the Americanism of to-day the traits of an ideal Hellenism. And so, though I am not a Greek of to-day, but only a Grecian, I cannot help thinking that the recognition of the affinities of ancient Greek and modern American life, which I have dared to call the American element in Greek life, may serve to quicken the interest of the student of the Greek language and lit-

erature, and even if it abide alone, may wake the sense of kindred, after the forms of the Greek alphabet become misty.

This general theme has always been a favorite of mine. Creon tells his son Hæmon that Antigone is "a frigid huggingpiece," and however frigid my huggingpiece may seem to others, I have pursued it as a phantom of delight ever since I knew what love is, now through the crowds of the agora, now round the steps of the bema, now over the meadows of the Muses where Aristophanes disports himself, now over battlefields illuminated by stark figures in blue and gray. I cannot help thinking that this pursuit has made for life, but like everything that makes for life, it has brought with it trouble, and my indiscreet urging of the theme has cost me more than one rebuke. So, for instance, in one of my essays I said: "It is not in vain that the American student has been endowed with 'that singular buoyancy and elasticity' which, according to Dean Stanley, is the marked peculiarity of our people, nor in vain our unequalled adaptability, our

quick perception, our straightforwardness of intellectual vision. We Americans, said Matthew Arnold, think straight and see clear." And again: "Ancient history has to be interpreted into terms of American experience, and it would not be saying too much to maintain that many of the aspects of American life enable us to understand the ancients better than some of our European contemporaries do. An audacious, inventive, ready-witted people, Americans often comprehend the audacious, inventive, ready-witted Greek *à demi-mot*, while the German professor phrases and the English 'don' rubs his eyes, and the French savant appreciates the wrong half." Whereupon a British reviewer charged me with "vainglorious patriotism." Sometimes, it is true, I stop and ask myself in an access of disillusionment, What right have I to speak of America? and I hear snub-nosed Socrates asking, What is American? 'Tis a harder question perhaps for a man of my antecedents than "What is Greek?" In the first place, a native is too native to give the right answer,

and I dare not invoke the aid of such apostles of Americanism as Professor Brander Matthews, Dr. Henry van Dyke or President Butler, the most recent American authorities on the subject; and in order to be truly scientific, I should have to muster the evidence of others, from Trollope and Basil Hall of the old time, through Dickens of a later date, down to the witnesses of our own day, frivolous Max O'Rell, unsympathetic Matthew Arnold and sympathetic James Bryce, and on the basis of those documents draw up a table of American characteristics in which they all agree—our keenness and directness, our audacity, our inventiveness, our light-hearted acceptance of the shifts of fortune, a light-heartedness that makes the Greek Theramenes an American statesman, as he has recently been made the hero of an historical novel, a novel by an American Hellenist, Professor Gaines. Time was when we of this region were more bent on asserting diversity than unity, a diversity that was the result of the conflicting interests, the incessant bickerings,

the different ideals, the different social conditions. But we are all Americans now, and our Americanism is borne in upon us by foreign critics, who were the first to teach us that Walt Whitman, whom we all derided fifty years ago, is the true American poet and prophet; all the others mere echoes of European voices. I am sorry to say that Walt Whitman would not have heeded the scholar's plea for the classics. You may remember his deliverance in his *Leaves of Grass*:

Dead poets, philosophers, priests,
Martyrs, artists, inventors, governments long since,
Language shapers on other shores,
Nations once powerful, now reduced, withdrawn or desolate,
I dare not proceed till I respectfully credit
What you have left wafted hither.
I have perused it, own it is admirable (moving awhile
among it),
Think nothing can ever be greater,
Nothing can ever deserve more than it deserves.
Regarding it all intently a long while, then dismissing it,
I stand in my place with my own day here.

There is much more to the same effect in our typical American poet whom Tennyson admired and George Eliot quoted, and nothing

could be more characteristic than the utterance:

I stand in my place with my own day here.

And as an American, I am fully in accord with him. A detached American is for the most part a pitiful spectacle. But it is precisely because we stand in our place with our own day here that we cannot dismiss the past so cavalierly as Whitman has done. To the dead all things are dead. To him that is alive there is no dead poetry, no dead language. "Only those languages," said Lowell in a famous discourse, "only those languages can be called dead in which nothing living was ever written." There is no need of crediting the past, as Whitman calls it. The past collects its interest by the inevitable process of eternal laws. Classical antiquity is not driftwood, as Whitman intimates, not driftwood out of which to build fires to warm ourselves and dream by, calling up the figures of Jason and Medea, of Paris and Helen, and listening to Arion in his singing-robes.

The classical caravel is still seaworthy. No Captain Courageous of Gloucester, Mass., is more popular than Odysseus of Ithaca. Retell the story of the wanderings of the much-enduring to a popular audience, if you wish to find out whether Homer is dead, and what Kipling calls his bloomin' lyre has ceased to bloom. No happier hours in my long career can I recall than those I spent in repeating the tale of Old Audacious to a sympathetic audience thirty years ago. Tennyson's Ulysses I need not mention. Stephen Phillips's Ulysses I mention merely to protest against his perversion of the only true story of Odysseus in Hades. It is then precisely because we stand in our own place here, precisely because we are Americans and Walt Whitman is our prophet, that we insist on our inheritance of the precious past, on which and by which we live.

But I have already spoken of Greek as an inheritance. To-day we are to consider not so much the inheritance as the kinship. Hellas speaks to us with a kindred voice

and looks into our eyes with kindred eyes. Like the Greeks, we Americans have found out our oneness by conflict with one another, as well as by contrast with others. The members of the same family seldom see the likeness that strangers recognize at once. There is a national handwriting among all the diversities of chirography, and we write American as we are written down Americans. American is as distinctive now as Greek was then, and it was War, the father of all things, that revealed us to ourselves. America is a find to the American as Greece was a find to the Greeks, to adapt the famous passage of Herodotus. It was the Persian War that gave Greece her unity—a war in which the Greeks themselves were arrayed on different sides, and no sooner was the unity brought about than the old enmity asserted itself, and Greece was split in twain—North against South and South against North.

True, these historical parallels are not to be urged. The unity of the Greek state was the city, the *polis*, and recent historians justly

lay great stress on the difference between the city state, the *Stadtstaat*, and the territorial state, the *Flächenstaat*. We are not to be misled by a name. The " fierce democratie " of Athens was a narrow oligarchy according to modern conceptions, and the city state was a mere atom in comparison with our empire states. But there are analogies that cannot be lightly thrust aside as mere fancies. Greek history is after all in some respects a pocket edition of American history, and the founders of the Union turned to Greek history rather than to Roman history when they considered the problems of Federal government, just as in the recent development of American life, the Roman Empire is ever in our thoughts and on our lips. A writer famous in his day, Alphonse Karr, in his *Journey round my Garden*, ridicules the botanist because he neglects the element of size. " The same botanical description," he says, " applies to the baobab tree, which looks like a forest in itself, the circumference of its trunk a hundred feet, its age 6,000 years, and to the mallow, a little trail-

ing plant with rose-colored leaves, so small that you can hardly see it in the grass." And yet the botanist is not so far wrong after all. In America we are apt to overstress the element of size. It is a national reproach that we do not distinguish "bigness" and "greatness." The organic structure is the same under different manifestations, and so the pocket handkerchief domain of Hellas has the same weft as the enormous canvas of our American continent.

Those who emphasize the influence of physical surroundings in the character of a nation—and the emphasis is as old as the scribe that left on record the story of Issachar—are never weary of enlarging on the diversity of Greek climate, Greek soil, Greek productions, as determining the character of the Greek people. It is an old story. It is told in Homer, it is the keynote of Herodotus. It is writ large in Polybius, in Strabo. Curtius, the historian of Alexander the Great, following Greek authorities, doubtless, makes the climate of India responsible for the char-

acter of the Hindus, and oddly enough, it is a modern Curtius that has penned the fascinating chapters in which he unfolds the influence of land and sea on the Greek people. Every geographer, every historian, comments on the great variety of Greek climate, marvellous variety considering the limited extent of Greek territory proper. The extremes are perhaps not quite so great as in this country, but racial sensitiveness might restore the parallel in one direction, as facilities of communication would restore the parallel in another. From Maine to Florida is practically not so far as from Thessaly to Laconia in the heyday of ancient Greek life. But what of the universal neighborhood of the sea? No part of Greek territory was more than forty miles from what they called in one mood, Her that troubleth, *thalatta*, in other moods, Him that bridgeth, *pontos* (indefensible etymologies, I fear, but undoubted facts). To the foreigner the American prairie has become more characteristic than the American coast line; and the American flag is rarely

seen in foreign ports. The Greeks were a maritime people, and the dwellers on our vast plains can hardly be called a seafaring people, but their language is our language, and English, American English, like Greek, is full of nautical imagery: "We ship our goods," "We board our cars." One recognizes the old Norse yearning for the sea in the prairie schooner, and far in the interior the echoes of the old Viking time are easily waked. It is not without significance that our battleships bear the names of the different States, and inland Tennessee is as vitally interested in her namesake as Virginia, whose capes stretch out to receive the commerce of the world. A favorite theme of the ancient sophists was the reflections of an inlander at sight of a ship. There is no American inlander of whom such a fancy could be entertained. The new navy draws its recruits from the Western States as from the Eastern. The great lakes, the great rivers, provide for the training of the man from Ohio and the man from Missouri, and offer watery paths for the

“whalebacks” of the Michigander and the Chicagese. So even at this point of seeming dissimilarity there is a certain analogy between Greek and American. Despite all the preachments of political economists and all the frightful waste of naval armaments, Americans like Greeks are all sea-fighters, just as the Lacedæmonians, who were late in learning the lesson, learned it too well for the Athenians who were born to the sea.

But continental Greece was not all of Greece. The whole Mediterranean was fringed with Greek colonies—to adopt a figure of Cicero’s—and it might well be maintained, as has been maintained by Mr. Freeman, that the true analogue of the United States, which we do not hesitate to call America, is the Cocked Hat Island. Sicily lay in the region which was to the Greeks the Land of Promise. Westward Ho! was an old cry in the time of Archilochus. The West was, as I have said, the Land of Hope to the Greeks, and it is America that is still the Hope of this Pandora world. America is the last

word of modern history, as Greece was the last word of ancient history. Like the Greeks, we are the heirs of the ages. The Romans were not ancients. The Romans are of us and we are living their life, so that it is not necessary to hunt up more or less remote analogies. When we read Ferrero, we are reading the history of our own times. Modern research has pushed antiquity far back, and with our large knowledge of early conditions, much that was considered axiomatic in my youth would be set down as nonsense now. Think of the elaborate discussions as to the antiquity of the art of writing. If anyone were to broach such a subject now, we should be tempted to use the *argumentum laterculinum* of our cousins on the other side and heave a Ninevitish brick at him. No sooner do we reach by the instrumentality of the spade what we consider the bedrock of ancient culture, than the bedrock turns out to be no bedrock at all, but a layer of concrete superimposed on yet other layers. No sooner do we begin to speak of Mycenæan civiliza-

tion than we have to consider pre-Mycenæan conditions. The Hittites had it all their own way for a while, and we were inclined to bargain with them as did Abraham for a place in which to bury dead theories, other people's dead theories, but the other -ites are bound to have their innings. Enough, the Greeks are to us as they were to the Egyptians of old—mere children—and, if children, then heirs as we are of a rich world of achievement and experience. In time then, as in space, the American is as the Greek.

And the American, like the Greek, has proceeded to realize his inheritance, and that inheritance is the republican, or if you choose the democratic, form of government, the commonwealth, to give it its best name. We cannot well think of Greece as anything but a commonwealth. The kings (*basileis*), the lords (*anaktes*), of the early time were poetical shadows. The commonwealth was the normal form of Greek political life. After every convulsion of the state, the Hellenes reverted as a matter of course to the

plane which seems to be basic. But it was not basic. It was the conquest of ages of experience, as was ours. It was won from generations of conflict, as was ours. Traces of the old conditions survive in the names and functions of certain officers in Athens. In Sparta the kingship had a more or less unreal life, but the colonies were all republics, and the colonies had the mania for written constitutions—paper constitutions we are beginning to call them, and more's the pity. For the art of writing belongs to the religious sphere, and while it may not have been the exclusive property of the priestly guild, there was a sacredness about the written law that was universally recognized. The law-giver couched his law in writing, and the popular appeal to "the higher law," the unwritten law, the saying, "What is the Constitution among friends?"—these are not cheering symptoms of American life. Whether the "boss" who looms larger and larger in our political life—the "boss" who is the incorporation of individualism, as opposed to the fun-

damental principles of the commonwealth—shall ripen into the *tyrannos* of the Greek state, remains to be seen. What is well worth noting is the Greek horror of the function which has been transmitted to us through the ages. The Greeks were not given to assassination as a political measure. Now and then a man was found conveniently dead in the market for willow-wares, now and then there was a judicial murder. But the tyrant was an exception. The tyrannicide was a theme of eulogy from the immortal pair of friends, commemorated in the Skolion of Callistratus, down to the latest Greek rhetorician of the imperial time. "A fine shroud is the tyrannis" is a famous saying of a famous tyrant, and the man who put on the purple robe had good reason to ask himself how the raiment would look as a cerement. And yet the Greek *tyrannos* at the beginning was as harmless a word as the Dutch "boss." The same jealousy of the rights of the people is shown by our English use of the word "usurper." The danger of the assumption of undelegated powers has

its signal in the name, and we Americans as heirs of the Greek republican spirit do well to watch the encroachments of executive office. Our forefathers, as we have seen, studied the structure of Greek federation. Our contemporaries on the other side are watching the steps that seem to be leading us to Cæsarism. The benevolent tyrant can never be to us the ideal form of government. A safe slavery (*asphalōs duleuein*) is as abhorrent to us as it was to the Greeks. It is not an uncommon thesis that the human race was never happier than under the Antonines, and yet the suppression of Christianity was one of the conditions of that happiness in the eyes of the philosopher on the throne. But we must accept the dangers and the degeneracies of the republic with its form. In fact the student of Greek history is reminded at every turn of the tendencies of our day, if dangers and degeneracies are thought to be harsh expressions, and I might have discharged myself of the function I have undertaken in this lecture by a talk on Life in the Time of Aristophanes.

How Athenian life answers to ours, I can illustrate by my own experience, as indeed nearly everything I have said in these conferences, I have lived. Once I was commissioned to give an outline of Aristophanes' plays in a few lines, and those who know Aristophanes and America will recognize the meaning of the summary, "Aristophanes," I said, "Aristophanes, an aristocrat by party allegiance, was from the beginning in opposition to democracy and progress, to the elevation of the masses, to the career open to talent, to free thought, to finer art, to art for art's sake, to community of goods, to women's rights, to every form of sophistic phrase-making and humanitarian claptrap." The slogans and counterslogans of American life are all to be heard in the poems of the bald-head bard. And Aristophanes' picture of Athenian life is strikingly like our own—with its fads, its fancies, its futilities. French feuilletonistes and French scholars have written whole books on Aristophanes that are essentially commentaries on actualities, and Aristophanes' most

audacious woman-play, the *Lysistrata*, has been reproduced amid rapturous applause before a French audience.

But despite the license of the modern novel, English and American, your lecturer is not prepared to compare the seams in our social life with the seams in the social life of Greece. Public life offers analogies enough—I will not say for warning—the admonitions of history, that so-called “Philosophy teaching by examples,” amount to very little—but for amusement. There is hardly a trick in modern politics that cannot be paralleled, if not in the verse of Aristophanes, in the prose of Greek historians and orators and thinkers. Caucuses and rings and heelers were as familiar to them as to us, and unfortunately the accuracy of the description of the parasites that infest the life of the commonwealth has not helped to extirpate the brood. The plague-bearing mosquito abides, and has taken on a Greek name, and an Apollo is needed to quell the plague-bearing rats that are the successors of the plague-bearing mice of antiquity.

But I must not allow my discourse to assume the pessimistic character so natural to those whose time of life prompts them to extol the past at the expense of the present. The old teacher, once justly detested, appears to the old pupil glorified by the hues of his own iridescent youth, and the better days of the republic when analyzed by the light of contemporary documents are not the *Saturnia regna* one fancies them to have been, because of the halo of oratory that encircled the heroes of that time, in the days when life was younger. So I am not going to ransack Plato's Dialogues for melancholy pictures of our present in order to reinforce my parallels of Greek and American life. Our ship of state—a figure we owe ultimately to a Greek poet, Alcaeus, for all the Greek poets were more or less nautical, the Boeotian Pindar as well as the islander Bacchylides—our ship of state has a strange way of righting herself, had that way in the time of the chainbox, which may be supposed to symbolize the days of slavery, and will continue to have it in these

times of the water-ballast, which may be supposed to represent the wave of prohibition. One danger of which one hears and thinks a great deal is the danger of having said ship swamped by alien passengers, who will in time become crew, become officers. Here in Virginia—in the Southern States generally—the danger does not seem imminent. In fact we are inviting foreigners to embark on our undermanned enterprises. But to an old-fashioned man one of the charms of a visit to England is the infrequency of alien names on the signs of the shops. In the retail business section of the city where I live, the English name is the exception. Nearly all the signs seem to have been made in Germany. When the linguist scans the roster of our army and navy, he finds representatives of every European land—as good Americans doubtless as the best, though the names bewray the foreign descent. There is no harm in this, nay much good in it. There is a tingle of adventure in the mingling of blood. Matthew Arnold has held forth on the exceeding preciousness of

Celtic blood in quickening the sluggish current of Anglo-Saxon veins, and Du Maurier has insisted humorously on the importance, if not the necessity, of a dash of Jewish ichor for the highest manifestation of genius. We all feel that we can care for the natives of Western Europe. Other problems are more serious. A dear friend of mine, now numbered with most of my friends, an alumnus of this university, used to insist years and years ago with what was considered humorous exaggeration on the danger of the complete absorption of the original stock of our population in the Mongolian. The Chinese, he maintained, had a mission analogous to that of the Norway rat, and the introduction to Virginus Dabney's chief literary performance, *Don Miff*, is addressed to his almond-eyed descendant. That was many years before statesmen began to discuss gravely the Yellow Peril.

Now it is not my purpose in these desultory talks of an old student who has spent his life apart from politics to enter into the circle of fire, as it ought to be called, rather than the

burning question of our relations to Asiatic immigration. I can only say, so far as the Greek aspect of the matter goes, that the Greek succeeded in unifying and harmonizing a vast number of foreign elements. When we attempt to push our researches into pre-Hellenic times, we encounter a great variety of strains. The names of stream and mountain give up their secrets, and the story of Greek cults reveals many lines of foreign influence and foreign origin. Great as was the assimilative power of the Greek, not less great, it is to be confidently hoped, is the assimilative power of the American. If we scan the annals of Greek literature narrowly, we find that some of the most characteristic figures are foreigners or half-foreigners. When we think of the great historians, Thucydides looms up as one of the peaks of the *biceps Parnassus*, and Thucydides was only a semi-Greek. The Holkham bust presents us with the features of an English gentleman, and I have heard Percy Gardner, who believes in the lessons of Greek iconography, hold forth on the Jewish cast of the

countenance of Zeno the Stoic. After Alexander the spread of the Greek language makes it hard to draw the line between Greek and Barbarian. The Asiatic translated his name into Greek, at a later time into Greco-Latin. What did Lucian's mother call the little Samosatani who had to learn Greek in his boyhood, as we have done, but under more advantageous circumstances. We pedants of to-day may criticize his Greek, but we cannot attain to his lightness, his airiness, and only the closest analysis can distinguish the Syrian oil color from the Greek water color. The domination of a nationality comes through its language. No truer Frenchmen than the Gallicized Germans of the eighteenth century, and some of the chauvinistes of our times bear un-French names. And English, or if you choose, the American type of English, is destined to accomplish the same end for the masses of foreigners that come to our shore. A generation, a short time in the history of the race, is not so short in an undulatory world like ours. Things move more slowly in Europe,

but even there the enclave has to give way, and the tide of the dominant language overflows the barriers. Even to-day the sacred soil of Attica is occupied mainly by Albanians, but Albanian must yield to Greek—and Italian quarters and Bohemian quarters will not hold their own against the encroachments of the tide of American life.

And this potent organon of language is wielded by a people at whose versatility the European observer stands aghast. The barriers are to be broken down, not only by the tide of affairs, but by the impetuous winds of human will—of American will. Speed, says Henley, and the hug of God's winds. The versatility of the Greek was notorious. The ready shift of the Greekling under the Roman Empire has been made proverbial by Juvenal; and Johnson, whom no Frenchman loves, whose popularity is a mystery even to such a sympathetic soul as Taine, has imitated Juvenal's characteristic and applied it to the French. And yet it is a Frenchman, as we shall see, that has given most emphatic expression to the as-

tonishing versatility of the American genius. The conditions of our colonial life may have had something to do with it, but the same versatility can be found in our oldest communities. Some of us oldsters have seen a bishop become a general. Priest, actor, ballet-dancer, musical composer, poet, general—such a combination does not stagger those who have known preacher, lawyer, school-master, horse-jockey, prize-fighter, politician, rolled into one—I beg pardon, politician means all that. True, in serious matters like art, the Greek did not move so readily from one province to another. In fact, the limitation of the prose writer to prose, of the poet to poetry, and so on along all the lines of literary effort, is one of the most striking characteristics of the Greek. But in the various demands of practical life, the life which they saw so steadily and lived so whole, if I may be allowed to adapt a famous line, your Greek was always equal to the occasion, and this mobility shows itself also in the sphere of morals, and here the American is quite his equal. Max O'Rell

attributed to our English blood the rapid passage from poker to prayers, from three-card monte to four-part psalmody. True, M. Blouet says it is our English blood. It is, I suppose, that "spleen" by which Frenchmen explain everything. But if it is English, it is enhanced by our intense vitality. Not English but Greek is the ready receptivity of foreign ideas. In this respect the Channel is broader than the Atlantic. Nay, there is much that crosses the water to us and then recrosses it to our English cousins. The American scholar is often more German than the German. Yes! we are versatile and versatile to a purpose. What does a man like Hopkinson Smith care for the old Greek sneer that has its echo in the English saying "Jack of all trades and master of none"? What your own Professor Humphreys, with his exact command of all the canons of literature and science? It is to be hoped that the advance of specialization will not rob us of the Greek readiness to turn our hands to anything that lies near. It is the curse of modern machinery

that it reduces the human being to a mere feeder of a monster of cogs and belts. Advance did I say? Specialization is as old as Jubal and Tubal Cain. The Egyptians were noted specialists; there were doctors for every part of the body, and Jack the Ripper was a specialist under the name of the *paraschistes*, or side-splitter, a name that we attach to a very different function from that of the man who opened bodies for embalming. There were specialists in Greece, specialists in surgery, manufacturers of hair-nets for women; specialists in Rome, who made it their business to efface the scars of branded slaves that had risen in the world. But the Greek note is universality, and it is to be hoped that we shall never lose that Greek note, which is the admiration of all who come to our shores, and which is so important a factor in our subjugation of this vast continent.

But before leaving this part of my theme—the likeness of Greek to American, of American to Greek—I must not omit one trait that the genuine American and genuine Greek have in common, although I may be behind the

times in asserting it, a trait that belongs to the democratic character of both nationalities. It is not freedom of speech, that *parrhesia* of which the Greeks were so proud. A certain bluntness is found under all forms of government, but it is a subtler freedom than that—it is freedom from snobbery. Flatterers and parasites the Greeks had with them always. They were conspicuous in the decline of the nationality, and Plutarch has an entertaining essay on the way to distinguish the flatterer from the friend. But they were scarcely less conspicuous in an earlier period, and Ribbeck's delightful study of the "Kolax" claims for that variety a semi-religious origin. But a "snob" the Greek never was, and the snobbery of the American is an imported snobbery. The Books of Snobs could not have been written by an American of the old type. That the imported disease, like the English sparrow, has increased greatly and multiplied in this country the satirist may maintain. But the salt water of the herring pond seems to have killed the germ in our American pro-

genitors. True, it is associated with high things and high words, but it spoils high things and high words, and the man of old American stock prefers "faith" to "loyalty" and "obedience" to "homage." Snobish commentators cannot understand how Pindar could have called Hiero "friend"; the Italian student of the poet compares the Theban singer to a Knight of the Order of the Annunziata, who is the peer of his sovereign. True Americans are all Knights of a spiritual Annunziata order.

I have referred to Professor Brander Matthews as the great champion of Americanism in language and literature and life, and I have been reading a discourse of his pronounced some years ago, in which he repelled the charge that we Americans are a people terribly practical, systematically hostile to all idealism. And it is true that if there is any adjective that fits an American in European eyes, it is practical. To be an American is to be practical. A German grammarian desirous of vindicating his method to his coun-

trymen emphasized the fact that it had been adopted by a practical American, and that practical American is the man who is addressing you, a man who was at that time thought by his own countrymen to be steeped in German idealism. I have therefore been called practical simply because I am an American, just as I have been called a Yankee by a French critic, because I am an American. True, mistakes enough may be made in the application of these sweeping characteristics of a nationality, and I remember that Robert Louis Stevenson records somewhere how he picked out in a New York hotel a cadaverous, omnivorous individual as a typical American, who turned out to be a genuine Briton. Whatever mistakes may be made in applying these characteristics to this man and that, there can be no mistake about the practical feature of our American people. There are those that have denied us energy, and it has been maintained perhaps by way of paradox that your typical American spends his time in a rocking chair on a back porch, whittling sticks and ex-

emplifying his national indolence by the invention of labor-saving machines. Nothing could be more "practical" than the labor-saving machine, as nothing can be more audacious than the American protest, futile as it is, against the primal doom of toil. But practical we are and practical was the Greek. The most artistic of races was at the same time the most bent on getting results, and the latest phase of philosophic thought, pragmatism, most effectively preached by an American, is nothing more than the interpretation of a Greek word. The sphere of human work was divided by the Greek into zones of artistic creation and practical efficiency, *poiein* and *prattein*. *Prattein* encroached more and more on *poiein*, but *poiein* held its own in so far as it gave the life of art to *prattein*. When Horace put *utile* before *dulci*, he was following the Greek order—though the Greek way of mixing liquors differed in different ages, first wine on water, then water on wine. We do not like to think that Shakespeare was so practical a man as the record shows him to

have been, that he valued so highly the material results of his work as a dramatist and an actor—but that did not render the work itself less idealistic. But the Greek went further than that. The artistic work itself must be practical. Every tool must follow the lines of greatest efficiency. Poetry was valuable for its moral lessons. Philosophy was not mere speculation, it was largely ethics. The Greek found himself in Socrates, and Plato was in the first line a teacher of righteousness. When Grote, the friend of John Stuart Mill, was looking for a motto to be prefixed to his work on Plato, he had no difficulty in finding one to rejoice the heart of the utilitarian. The glorification of money as the ultimate expression of achievement was ancient Greek as it is modern American. It was said of Euripides that he hated women so because he loved them so, and all the teachings of Cynic and Stoic—all the preachments against the love of money from the answer of the Pythia to Sparta down to the present day with its praise of the simple life only show that human nature changes

not, and the Greek and the American are advanced types of humanity. "Money talks" is an American saying. The brazen tongue must wag in a golden mouth. "Money, money is the man," is an ancient saying quoted by the loftiest of Greek poets, quoted, it is true, in protest against the domination of filthy lucre, but we, who live in a plutocracy, recognize the voice of the people. "Obolus diabolus," is the title of one of the sermons preached by the old Augustin friar, Abraham a Sancta Clara, and Greek and American alike are not averse from this form of devil worship.

I am not at the end of my analogies. They come up on every side, at the bidding of fancy, at the bidding of experience, but I am nearing the limit of my time, and this talk—alas! we have no equivalent for the French *causerie*—must come to a close in a few minutes. So far as there is any coherence in what I have said, I have tried to illustrate, or at any rate to point out certain resemblances between Greek and American life and character. I have not

even attempted to be systematic. After an inordinately long introduction I dwelt—or rather lighted, for I have not dwelt on anything—I touched on American and Greek surroundings, American and Greek position in time, the common republican basis of the American and Greek state, the assimilative power of both nationalities, the versatility and practicality of Greek and American. But concrete examples would be at once more interesting and convincing than analysis, and analogies are easily made, easily drawn, it may be said, and as easily unmade, as easily wiped out. What one sees in history is often nothing more than the projection of the individuality of the beholder. We peer into the open eye to see our own image. One statesman reads Plato and gathers from Republic and Laws lessons of momentous importance for the conduct of the commonwealth. Another reads Plato and vows that he has carried away nothing except Eryximachus' remedy for sneezing, so dramatically introduced in the Symposium. And when analogy

ventures into the domain of prophecy—we all know how the wise man becomes the wise-acre, and the example of Mr. Freeman, who foresaw the dissolution of the great American commonwealth prefigured in the fate of the Achæan League, is ever before the student of our history. The end has been far other than was dreamed of by the philosophizing historian. The petty states of Greece were swept into the current of the Roman Empire, a current that came from without. The attitude of the Roman to the Greek was that of contemptuous tolerance, not of half-wondering hatred. Consolidation, fusion, domination, these are the American processes of which Greece knew nothing. Greece was after all a spiritual power, and the lessons that we are to learn come from Rome, as I have already hinted, Rome, once etymologized as the Greek *rhomē*, “strength,” anon as the English “stream.” And so we come back to the ship of state, which the Greek poet launched so many centuries ago. A mighty stream is this on which you and I are borne as part of a proud fleet.

But there were times when the current meant wreckage; and I turn my eyes from the days of danger and distress, too real to me still for indulgence in fanciful historical parallels.

My plea has been for the vitality of the studies to which I have been addicted, and as those studies have been part of my own life—not simply a *meros* but a *melos*—I have never disentwined the thews and sinews that have kept me going after a fashion until now. My Greek study has not simply been a marginal note on my American life, and *vice versa*. My life has been written *bu-strophedon* fashion, and as I turn the furrow, the Greek line can't be distinguished from the American. A Southerner, I shared the fortunes of my people in the Civil War, but whether on the edge of battle in the field or in the vise of penury at home, my thoughts were with those who registered the experiences of the Peloponnesian War, with Thucydides and Aristophanes. But I am sure it will be a relief to this personal tone if I can turn on the phonograph and introduce a new speaker

on the subject I have tried to sketch. This time I will call on a modern Greek to tell you what he thinks of Hellenism and Americanism, of the relation of Hellas to Hesperia.

The modern Greek, whatever may be said about his racial affinities with the ancient Greek, commends himself to our affection and regard by his passionate identification of the Hellenes that now are with the Hellenes that once were. It is all living Greece to him. Hellenism is his watchword, and not unGreek is the eager appropriation of all that modern civilization offers. One is constantly reminded of agencies that were set to work seventy or eighty years ago, such as the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, to which we owe Müller's *History of Greek Literature*—a book that can never become obsolete. A similar society is in active operation in Greece, and one of the prime movers was, I am sorry to say, was my friend, that finest type of the modern Greek, Dimitrios Bikélas, to whom I referred in a previous lecture, the famous author of *Loukis Laras*, a novel

that has been translated into almost every European tongue. The name of the series may be roughly rendered Library of Useful Knowledge, and as I was meditating the theme of my present lecture, I came across the number that deals with America. I am rather fond of reading books that depict American life from the point of view of foreigners, and I had just been reading a series of articles in which a modern Greek immigrant expresses his astonishment at the cheapness of American viands and the extravagant charges of American bootblacks. So I turned not without interest to what our modern Hellene had to say about the modern Hesperia, and I was still more interested to find that the concluding pages of the booklet were given up to a somewhat elaborate parallelism of Hellenism and Americanism. Americanism, the author maintains, is really a revival of Hellenism, and the Americanization of the world, which he seems to consider inevitable, is really carrying on the good work begun by Alexander. I wish I had space to give in detail his list of

analogues, his vindication of American society as based on the soundest ethical, hygienic and economic principles. Some of these analogues I am afraid you would consider fanciful, some that are true in principle are hardly borne out by the actual facts. The ancient Spartans, says our author, used to throw into the ravine called Kaiadas all defective infants—a proceeding against which the eulogists of Christianity were wont to declaim with intense abhorrence. Analogous to this, he thinks, is the restriction of immigration to those who are physically fit for the work of life. The modern American, he goes on to say, has the Greek passion for physical perfection. The America of to-day, like the Greece of yore, reposes on democratic principles. Each man is master of his own fate, and our modern Greek seems to believe in presidential potentialities as well as presidential possibilities for every American school-boy. It is indeed very interesting to see how our generous encomiast accepts legislation as realization, how he hails the preachments of

divines and lecturers as an assurance of prophecies fulfilled. "To will perfection," he seems to think, "is the norm of man," and he is not so far wrong. We are as our ideals. Marriage is to be forbidden to those who are physically and mentally unfit for the connubial relation, and the American child is to be the most perfect product of the age. Oddly enough he does not count the facility of divorce as an evidence of our readiness to multiply experiments in that direction. The crowning glory of Americanism, he declares, is the American woman. The more American women married to Europeans, the better for the European races. The Spartan women in antiquity were in great demand as nurses. The American woman ought to be in great demand as a wife—quite apart, he takes care to add, from the substantial dowry so many of them bring to the common stock. America makes for life, for progress. The Americanization of Europe is inevitable—we see it in every port, in every capital of Europe—and moving as it does on Hellenic lines, it is a blessing to

the world as was the Hellenization of the Orient of old. All this is rather amusing than convincing, and yet there is enough sober truth behind the smiling sophistry to warrant the citation here as an *envoi* to my own analogies, which, I trust, are at least a little less fanciful than those of my Athenian colleague.

And now as I am about to close this lecture, or rather this series of rambling talks, it occurs to me that I have omitted one striking trait of the Greek character, which is also a marked feature of our own nationality. Ready wit, audacity, resourcefulness, practicality, all these we have in common with the Greeks. We are versatile as they were, we moralize as they moralized, Franklin is as Theognis, but these are not necessarily amiable ways, and I am going to take refuge in that delightful tolerance for which Matthew Arnold could find no adequate translation, because he thought that *epieikeia* was a national Greek virtue. He made a shift of rendering it into English by "sweet reasonableness," and it is to this "sweet reasonableness," this readi-

ness to put up with things, this acceptance of the situation, this large allowance for individual failings, this good humor in the crowded mart of life, this *epieikeia* which some consider the bane of our politics, it is this *epieikeia* to which I make my final appeal. The half-consciousness of failure that haunts genius, as I have phrased it, may become the full consciousness of failure to the old student who has submitted his unfashionable wares to the inspection of the new generation. But the new generation has, I trust, retained the characteristics as well as the traditions of the old, and your indulgent attention during the course of these deliverances has sustained me to the end of my task.



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